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WANTING IS—WHAT?

WANTING is — what ?
Summer redundant,
Blueness abundant,
— Where is the spot ?
Beamy the world, yet a blank all the same,
— Framework which waits for a picture to frame :
What of the leafage, what of the flower ?
Roses embowering with nought they embower !
Come then, complete incompleteness, O comer,
Pant through the blueness, perfect the summer !
Breathe but one breath
Rose-beauty above,
And all that was death
Grows life, grows love,
Grows love !

DONALD.

DONALD.

“WILL you hear my story also,
— Huge Sport, brave adventure in plenty ? ”
The boys were a band from Oxford,
The oldest of whom was twenty.

The bothy we held carouse in
Was bright with fire and candle ;
Tale followed tale like a merry-go-round
Whereof Sport turned the handle.

In our eyes and noses — turf-smoke :
In our ears a tune from the trivet,
Whence “Boiling, boiling,” the kettle sang,
“ And ready for fresh Glenlivet.”

So,feat capped feat, with a vengeance :
Truths, though, — the lads were loyal :
“Grouse, five score brace to the bag !
Deer, ten hours’ stalk of the Royal ! ”

Of boasting, not one bit, boys !
Only there seemed to settle

Somehow above your curly heads,
 — Plain through the singing kettle,

Palpable through the cloud,
 As each new-puffed Havanna
 Rewarded the teller's well-told tale, —
 This vaunt “ To Sport — Hosanna !

“ Hunt, fish, shoot,
 Would a man fulfil life's duty !
 Not to the bodily frame alone
 Does Sport give Strength and beauty,

“ But character gains in — courage ?
 Ay, Sir, and much beside it !
 You don't sport, more 's the pity :
 You soon would find, if you tried it.

“ Good sportsman means good fellow,
 Sound-hearted he, to the centre ;
 Your mealy-mouthed mild milksops
 — There 's where the rot can enter !

“ There 's where the dirt will breed,
 The shabbiness Sport would banish !
 Oh no, Sir, no ! In your honored case
 All such objections vanish.

“ ‘T is known how hard you studied :
A Double-First — what, the jigger !
Give me but half your Latin and Greek,
I ’ll never again touch trigger !

“ Still, tastes are tastes, allow me !
Allow, too, where there ’s keenness
For Sport, there ’s little likelihood
Of a man’s displaying meanness !”

So, put on my mettle, I interposed.

“ Will you hear my story ?” quoth I.
“ Never mind how long since it happed,
I sat, as we sit, in a bothy ;

“ With as merry a band of mates, too,
Undergrads all on a level :
(One ’s a Bishop, one ’s gone to the Bench,
And one ’s gone — well, to the Devil.)

“ When, lo, a scratching and tapping !
In hobbled a ghastly visitor.
Listen to just what he told us himself
— No need of our playing inquisitor !”

Do you happen to know in Ross-shire
 Mount Ben . . . but the name scarce matters :
 Of the naked fact I am sure enough,
 Though I clothe it in rags and tatters.

You may recognize Ben by description ;
 Behind him — a moor's immenseness :
 Up goes the middle mount of a range,
 Fringed with its firs in denseness.

Rimming the edge, its fir-fringe, mind !
 For an edge there is, though narrow ;
 From end to end of the range, a stripe
 Of path runs straight as an arrow.

And the mountaineer who takes that path
 Saves himself miles of journey
 He has to plod if he crosses the moor
 Through heather, peat, and burnie.

But a mountaineer he needs must be,
 For, look you, right in the middle
 Projects bluff Ben — with an end in *ich* —
 Why planted there, is a riddle :

Since all Ben's brothers little and big
 Keep rank, set shoulder to shoulder,

And only this burliest out must bulge
 Till it seems — to the beholder

From down in the gully, — as if Ben's breast,
 To a sudden spike diminished,
 Would signify to the boldest foot
 "All further passage finished!"

Yet the mountaineer who sidles on
 And on to the very bending,
 Discovers, if heart and brain be proof,
 No necessary ending.

Foot up, foot down, to the turn abrupt
 Having trod, he, there arriving,
 Finds — what he took for a point was breadth,
 A mercy of Nature's contriving.

So, he rounds what, when 't is reached, proves
 straight,
 From one side gains the other :
 The wee path widens — resume the march,
 And he foils you, Ben, my brother !

But Donald — (that name, I hope, will do) —
 I wrong him if I call "foiling"

The tramp of the callant, whistling the while
As blithe as our kettle's boiling.

He had dared the danger from boyhood up,
And now, — when perchance was waiting
A lass at the brig below, — 'twixt mount
And moor would he stand debating ?

Moreover this Donald was twenty-five,
A glory of bone and muscle :
Did a fiend dispute the right of way,
Donald would try a tussle.

Lightsomely marched he out of the broad
On to the narrow and narrow ;
A step more, rounding the angular rock,
Reached the front straight as an arrow.

He stepped it, safe on the ledge he stood,
When — whom found he full-facing ?
What fellow in courage and wariness too,
Had scouted ignoble pacing,

And left low safety to timid mates,
And made for the dread dear danger,
And gained the height where — who could guess
He would meet with a rival ranger ?

T was a gold-red stag that stood and stared,
 Gigantic and magnific,
 By the wonder — ay, and the peril — struck
 Intelligent and pacific :

For a red deer is no fallow deer
 Grown cowardly through park-feeding ;
 He batters you like a thunderbolt
 If you brave his haunts unheeding.

I doubt he could hardly perform *volte-face*
 Had valor advised discretion :
 You may walk on a rope, but to turn on a rope
 No Blondin makes profession.

Yet Donald must turn, would pride permit,
 Though pride ill brooks retiring :
 Each eyed each — mute man, motionless beast —
 Less fearing than admiring.

These are the moments when quite new sense,
 To meet some need as novel,
 Springs up in the brain : it inspired resource :
 — “Nor advance nor retreat but — grovel !”

And slowly, surely, never a whit
 Relaxing the steady tension

Of eye-stare which binds man to beast, —
By an inch and inch declension,

Sank Donald sidewise down and down :
Till flat, breast upwards, lying
At his six-foot length, no corpse more still,
— “If he cross me ! The trick’s worth trying.”

Minutes were an eternity ;
But a new sense was created
In the stag’s brain too ; he resolves ! Slow, sure,
With eye-stare unabated,

Feeingly he extends a foot
Which tastes the way ere it touches
Earth’s solid and just escapes man’s soft,
Nor hold of the same unclutches

Till its fellow foot, light as a feather whisk,
Lands itself no less finely :
So a mother removes a fly from the face
Of her babe asleep supinely.

And now ’t is the haunch and hind foot’s turn
— That’s hard : can the beast quite raise it ?
Yes, traversing half the prostrate length,
His hoof-tip does not graze it.

Just one more lift ! But Donald, you see,
 Was sportsman first, man after :
 A fancy lightened his caution through,
 — He well-nigh broke into laughter :

“ It were nothing short of a miracle !
 Unrivalled, unexampled —
 All sporting feats with this feat matched
 Were down and dead and trampled ! ”

The last of the legs as tenderly
 Follows the rest : or never
 Or now is the time ! His knife in reach,
 And his right-hand loose — how clever !

For this can stab up the stomach’s soft,
 While the left-hand grasps the pastern.
 A rise on the elbow, and — now ’s the time
 Or never : this turn ’s the last turn !

I shall dare to place myself by God
 Who scanned — for He does — each feature
 Of the face thrown up in appeal to Him
 By the agonizing creature.

Nay, I hear plain words : “ Thy gift brings this ! ”
 Up he sprang, back he staggered,

Over he fell, and with him our friend
 — At following game no laggard.

Yet he was not dead when they picked next day
 From the gully's depth the wreck of him ;
 His fall had been stayed by the stag beneath
 Who cushioned and saved the neck of him.

But the rest of his body — why, doctors said,
 Whatever could break was broken ;
 Legs, arms, ribs, all of him looked like a toast
 In a tumbler of port-wine soaken.

“ That your life is left you, thank the stag ! ”
 Said they when — the slow cure ended —
 They opened the hospital-door, and thence
 — Strapped, spliced, main fractures mended.

And minor damage left wisely alone, —
 Like an old shoe clouted and cobbled,
 Out — what went in a Goliath well-nigh, —
 Some half of a David hobbled.

“ You must ask an alms from house to house :
 Sell the stag's head for a bracket,
 With its grand twelve tines — I 'd buy it myself —
 And use the skin for a jacket ! ”

He was wiser, made both head and hide
 His win-penny: hands and knees on,
 Would manage to crawl — poor crab — by the
 roads
 In the misty stalking-season.

And if he discovered a bothy like this,
 Why, harvest was sure: folks listened.
 He told his tale to the lovers of Sport:
 Lips twitched, cheeks glowed, eyes glistened.

And when he had come to the close, and spread
 His spoils for the gazers' wonder,
 With "Gentlemen, here 's the skull of the stag
 I was over, thank God, not under!" —

The company broke out in applause
 "By Jingo, a lucky cripple!
 Have a munch of grouse and a hunk of bread,
 And a tug, besides, at our tipple!"

And "There 's my pay for your pluck!" cried
 This,
 "And mine for your jolly story!"
 Cried That, while 'T other — but he was drunk —
 Hiccupped "A trump, a Tory!"

I hope I gave twice as much as the rest;
For, as Homer would say, "within grate
Though teeth kept tongue," my whole soul growled
" Rightly rewarded, — Ingrate!"

SOLOMON AND BALKIS.

SOLOMON AND BALKIS.

SOLOMON King of the Jews and the Queen of Sheba,
Balkis,
Talk on the ivory throne, and we well may conjecture their talk is
Solely of things sublime: why else has she sought
Mount Zion,
Climbed the six golden steps, and sat betwixt lion
and lion?

She proves him with hard questions: before she has
reached the middle
He smiling supplies the end, straight solves them
riddle by riddle;
Until, dead-beaten at last, there is left no spirit in
her,
And thus would she close the game whereof she was
first beginner:

“O wisest thou of the wise, world’s marvel and well-nigh monster,
 One crabbed question more to construe or *vulgo* conster !
 Who are those, of all mankind, a monarch of perfect wisdom
 Should open to, when they knock at *spheteron* do — that ’s, his dome ? ”

The King makes tart reply : “ Whom else but the wise his equals
 Should he welcome with heart and voice ? — since, king though he be, such weak walls
 Of circumstance — power and pomp — divide souls each from other
 That whoso proves kingly in craft I needs must acknowledge my brother.

“ Come poet, come painter, come sculptor, come builder — whate’er his condition,
 Is he prime in his art ? We are peers ! My insight has pierced the partition
 And hails — for the poem, the picture, the statue, the building — my fellow !
 Gold ’s gold though dim in the dust : court-polish soon turns it yellow.

“But tell me in turn, O thou to thy weakling sex
superior,
That for knowledge hast travelled so far yet seemest
no whit the wearier, —
Who are those, of all mankind, a queen like thyself,
consummate
In wisdom, should call to her side with an affable
‘Up hither, come, mate ! ’ ”

“The Good are my mates — how else ? Why doubt
it ? ” the Queen upbridled :
“Sure even above the Wise, — or in travel my eyes
have idled, —
I see the Good stand plain : be they rich, poor,
shrewd or simple,
If Good they only are. . . . Permit me to drop my
wimple ! ”

And, in that bashful jerk of her body, she — peace,
thou scoffer ! —
Jostled the King’s right-hand stretched courteously
help to proffer,
And so disclosed a portent : all unaware the Prince
eyed
The Ring which bore the Name — turned outside
now from inside !

The truth-compelling Name ! — and at once “I greet
the Wise — Oh,

Certainly welcome such to my court — with this
proviso :

The building must be my temple, my person stand
forth the statue,

The picture my portrait prove, and the poem my
praise — you cat, you ! ”

But Solomon nonplussed ? Nay ! “ Be truthful in
turn ! ” so bade he :

“ See the Name, obey its hest ! ” And at once sub-
joins the lady

— “ Provided the Good are the young, men strong
and tall and proper,

Such servants I straightway enlist, — which means
. . . ” but the blushes stop her.

“ Ah, Soul,” the Monarch sighed, “ that wouldest soar
yet ever crawllest,

How comes it thou canst discern the greatest yet
choose the smallest,

Unless because heaven is far, where wings find fit
expansion,

While creeping on all-fours suits, suffices the earthly
mansion ?

“ Aspire to the Best ! But which ? There are Bests
 and Bests so many,
 With a *habitat* each for each, earth’s Best as much
 Best as any !
 On Lebanon roots the cedar — soil lofty, yet stony
 and sandy —
 While hyssop, of worth in its way, on the wall grows
 low but handy.

“ Above may the Soul spread wing, spurn body and
 sense beneath her ;
 Below she must condescend to plodding unbuoyed
 by æther.
 In heaven I yearn for knowledge, account all else
 inanity ;
 On earth I confess an itch for the praise of fools —
 that’s Vanity.

“ It is nought, it will go, it can never presume above
 to trouble me ;
 But here,— why, it toys and tickles and teases, how-
 e’er I redouble me
 In a doggedest of endeavors to play the indifferent.
 Therefore,
 Suppose we resume discourse ? Thou hast travelled
 thus far : but wherefore ?

“ Solely for Solomon’s sake, to see whom earth styles
Sages ?”

Through her blushes laughed the Queen. “ For the
sake of a Sage ? The gay jest !

On high, be communion with Mind — there, Body
concerns not Balkis :

Down here, — do I make too bold ? Sage Solomon,
— one fool’s small kiss !”

CRISTINA AND MONALDESCHI.

CRISTINA AND MONALDESCHI.

AH, but how each loved each, Marquis !

Here 's the gallery they trod
Both together, he her god,
She his idol, — lend your rod,
Chamberlain ! — ay, there they are — “ *Quis Separabit?* ” — plain those two
Touching words come into view,
Apposite for me and you !

Since they witness to incessant

Love like ours : King Francis, he —
Diane the adored one, she —
Prototypes of you and me.

Everywhere is carved her Crescent

With his Salamander-sign —
Flame-fed creature : flame benign
To itself or, if malign,

Only to the meddling curious,
 — So, be warned, Sir ! Where 's my head ?
 How it wanders ! What I said
 Merely meant — the creature, fed
 Thus on flame, was scarce injurious
 Save to fools who woke its ire,
 Thinking fit to play with fire.
 'T is the Crescent you admire ?

Then, be Diane ! I 'll be Francis.

Crescents change, — true ! — wax and wane,
 Woman-like : male hearts retain
 Heat nor, once warm, cool again.
 So, we figure — such our chance is —
 I as man and you as . . . What ?
 Take offence ? My Love forgot
 He plays woman, I do not ?

I — the woman ? See my habit,
 Ask my people ! Anyhow,
 Be we what we may, one vow
 Binds us, male or female. Now, —
 Stand, Sir ! Read ! “ *Quis separabit?* ”
 Half a mile of pictured way
 Past these palace-walls to-day
 Traversed, this I came to say.

You must needs begin to love me ;
 First I hated, then, at best,
 — Have it so ! — I acquiesced ;
 Pure compassion did the rest.
 From below thus raised above me,
 Would you, step by step, descend,
 Pity me, become my friend,
 Like me, like less, loathe at end ?

That 's the ladder's round you rose by !
 That — my own foot kicked away,
 Having raised you : let it stay,
 Serve you for retreating ? Nay.
 Close to me you climbed : as close by,
 Keep your station, though the peak
 Reached proves somewhat bare and bleak !
 Woman 's strong if man is weak.

Keep here, loving me forever !
 Love's look, gesture, speech, I claim ;
 Act love, lie love, all the same —
 Play as earnest were our game !
 Lonely I stood long : 't was clever
 When you climbed, before men's eyes,
 Spurned the earth and scaled the skies,
 Gained my peak and grasped your prize.

Here you stood, then, to men's wonder ;
 Here you tire of standing ? Kneel !
 Cure what giddiness you feel,
 This way ! Do your senses reel ?
 Not unlikely ! What rolls under ?
 Yawning death in yon abyss
 Where the waters whirl and hiss
 Round more frightful peaks than this.

Should my buffet dash you thither. . .
 But be sage ! No watery grave
 Needs await you : seeming brave
 Kneel on safe, dear timid slave !
 You surmised, when you climbed hither,
 Just as easy were retreat
 Should you tire, conceive unmeet
 Longer patience at my feet ?

Me as standing, you as stooping, —
 Who arranged for each the pose ?
 Lest men think us friends turned foes,
 Keep the attitude you chose !
 Men are used to this same grouping —
 I and you like statues seen.
 You and I, no third between,
 Kneel and stand ! That makes the scene.

Mar it — and one buffet . . . Pardon !

Needless warmth — wisc words in waste !

’T was prostration that replaced

Kneeling, then ? A proof of taste.

Crouch, not kneel, while I mount guard on

Prostrate love — become no waif,

No estray to waves that chafe

Disappointed — love so safe !

Waves that chafe ? The idlest fancy !

Peaks that scare ? I think we know

Walls enclose our sculpture : so

Grouped, we pose in Fontainebleau.

Up now ! Wherefore hesitancy ?

Arm in arm and cheek by cheek,

Laugh with me at waves and peak !

Silent still ? Why, pictures speak.

See, where Juno strikes Ixion,

Primatice speaks plainly ! Pooh —

Rather, Florentine Le Roux !

I ’ve lost head for who is who —

So it swims and wanders ! Fie on

What still proves me female ! Here,

By the staircase ! — for we near

That dark “Gallery of the Deer.”

Look me in the eyes once ! Steady !
 Are you faithful now as erst
 On that eve when we two first
 Vowed at Avon, blessed and cursed
 Faith and falsehood ? Pale already ?
 Forward ! Must my hand compel
 Entrance — this way ? Exit — well,
 Somehow, somewhere. Who can tell ?

What if to the self-same place in
 Rustic Avon, at the door
 Of the village church once more,
 Where a tombstone paves the floor
 By that holy-water basin
 You appealed to — “ As, below,
 This stone hides its corpse, e'en so
 I your secrets hide ? ” What ho !

Friends, my four ! You, Priest, confess him !
 I have judged the culprit there :
 Execute my sentence ! Care
 For no mail such cowards wear !
 Done, Priest ? Then, absolve and bless him !
 Now — you three, stab thick and fast,
 Deep and deeper ! Dead at last ?
 Thanks, friends — Father, thanks ! Aghast ?

What one word of his confession
Would you tell me, though I lured
With that royal crown abjured
Just because its bars immured
Love too much? Love burst compression,
Fled free, finally confessed
All its secrets to that breast
Whence . . . let Avon tell the rest!

**MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT AND
FUSELI.**

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT AND FUSELI.

O BUT is it not hard, Dear ?

Mine are the nerves to quake at a mouse ;
If a spider drops I shrink with fear :
I should die outright in a haunted house ;
While for you — did the danger dared bring help —
From a lion's den I could steal his whelp,
With a serpent round me, stand stock-still,
Go sleep in a churchyard, — so would will
Give me the power to dare and do
Valiantly — just for you !

Much amiss in the head, Dear,

I toil at a language, tax my brain
Attempting to draw — the scratches here !
I play, play, practice and all in vain :
But for you — if my triumph brought you pride,
I would grapple with Greek Plays till I died,

Paint a portrait of you — who can tell ?
Work my fingers off for your “ Pretty well : ”
Language and painting and music too,
Easily done — for you !

Strong and fierce in the heart, Dear,
With — more than a will — what seems a power
To pounce on my prey, love outbroke here
In flame devouring and to devour.
Such love has laboured its best and worst
To win me a lover ; yet, last as first,
I have not quickened his pulse one beat,
Fixed a moment’s fancy, bitter or sweet :
Yet the strong fierce heart’s love’s labour’s due,
Utterly lost, was — you !

ADAM, LILITH, AND EVE.

ADAM, LILITH, AND EVE.

ONE day, it thundered and lightened.
Two women, fairly frightened,
Sank to their knees, transformed, transfix'd,
At the feet of the man who sat betwixt ;
And "Mercy !" cried each — "if I tell the truth
Of a passage in my youth !"

Said This : "Do you mind the morning
I met your love with scorning ?
As the worst of the venom left my lips,
I thought 'If, despite this lie, he strips
The mask from my soul with a kiss — I crawl
His slave,—soul, body and all !'"

Said That : "We stood to be married ;
The priest, or some one, tarried ;
'If Paradise-door prove locked ?' smiled you.

I thought, as I nodded, smiling too,
'Did one, that 's away, arrive — nor late
Nor soon should unlock Hell's gate ! ' "

It ceased to lighten and thunder.
Up started both in wonder,
Looked round and saw that the sky was clear,
Then laughed "Confess you believed us, Dear ! "
"I saw through the joke !" the man replied
They re-seated themselves beside.

IXION.

IXION.

HIGH in the dome, suspended, of Hell, sad triumph,
behold us !

Here the revenge of a God, there the amends of a
Man.

Whirling forever in torment, flesh once mortal, im-
mortal

Made — for a purpose of hate — able to die and
revive,

Pays to the uttermost pang, then, newly for payment
replenished,

Doles out — old yet young — agonies ever afresh ;
Whence the result above me : torment is bridged by
a rainbow, —

Tears, sweat, blood, — each spasm, ghastly once,
glorified now.

Wrung, by the rush of the wheel ordained my place
of reposing,

Off in a sparklike spray, — flesh become vapour
thro' pain, —

Flies the bestowment of Zeus, soul's vaunted bodily
vesture,

Made that his feats observed gain the approval of
Man, —

Flesh that he fashioned with sense of the earth and
the sky and the ocean,

Framed should pierce to the star, fitted to pore on
the plant,

All, for a purpose of hate, re-framed, re-fashioned,
re-fitted

Till, consummate at length, — lo, the employment
of sense!

Pain's mere minister now to the soul, once pledged
to her pleasure —

Soul, if untrammelled by flesh, unapprehensive of
pain!

Body, professed soul's slave, which serving beguiled
and betrayed her,

Made things false seem true, cheated thro' eye
and thro' ear,

Lured thus heart and brain to believe in the lying
reported, —

Spurn but the traitrous slave, uttermost, atom,
away,

What should obstruct soul's rush on the real, the
only apparent?

Say I have erred, — how else? Was I Ixion or
Zeus?

Foiled by my senses I dreamed ; I doubtless awaken
in wonder :

This proves shine, that — shade ? Good was the
evil that seemed ?

Shall I, with sight thus gained, by torture be taught
I was blind once ?

Sisuphos, teaches thy stone — Tantalos, teaches
thy thirst

Aught which unaided sense, purged pure, less plainly
demonstrates ?

No, for the past was dream : now that the dream-
ers awake,

Sisuphos scouts low fraud, and to Tantalos treason
is folly.

Ask of myself, whose form melts on the mur-
derous wheel,

What is the sin which throe and throe prove sin to
the sinner !

Say the false charge was true, — thus do I ex-
piate, say,

Arrogant thought, word, deed, — mere man who con-
ceited me godlike,

Sat beside Zeus, my friend — knelt before Heré,
my love !

What were the need but of pitying power to touch
and disperse it,

Film-work — eye's and ear's — all the distraction
of sense ?

How should the soul not see, not hear, — perceive
and as plainly

Render, in thought, word, deed, back again truth
— not a lie ?

“ Ay, but the pain is to punish thee ! ” Zeus, once
more for a pastime,

Play the familiar, the frank ! Speak and have
speech in return !

I was of Thessaly king, there ruled and a people
obeyed me :

Mine to establish the law, theirs to obey it or die :
Wherefore ? Because of the good to the people, be-
cause of the honour

Thence accruing to me, king, the king's law was
supreme.

What of the weakling, the ignorant criminal ? Not
who, excuseless,

Breaking my law braved death, knowing his deed
and its due —

Nay, but the feeble and foolish, the poor transgres-
sor, of purpose

No whit more than a tree, born to erectness of
bole,

Palm or plane or pine, we laud if lofty, columnar —
Loathe if athwart, askew, — leave to the axe and
the flame !

Where is the vision may penetrate earth and behold-
ing acknowledge

Just one pebble at root ruined the straightness of
stem?

Whose fine vigilance follows the sapling, accounts
for the failure,

— Here blew wind, so it bent: there the snow
lodged, so it broke?

Also the tooth of the beast, bird's bill, mere bite of
the insect

Gnawed, gnarled, warped their worst: passive it
lay to offence.

King — I was man, no more: what I recognized
faulty I punished,

Laying it prone: be sure, more than a man had I
proved,

Watch and ward o'er the sapling at birthtime had
saved it, nor simply

Owned the distortion's excuse, — hindered it
wholly: nay, more — .

Even a man, as I sat in my place to do judgment,
and pallid

Criminals passing to doom shuddered away at
my foot,

Could I have probed thro' the face to the heart, read
plain a repentance,

Crime confessed fools' play, virtue ascribed to the
wise,

Had I not stayed the consignment to doom, not
dealt the renewed ones

Life to retraverse the past, light to retrieve the
misdeed?

Thus had I done, and thus to have done much more
it behooves thee,

Zeus who madest man — flawless or faulty, thy
work!

What if the charge were true, as thou mouthest, —
Ixion the cherished

Minion of Zeus grew vain, vied with the godships
and fell,

Forfeit thro' arrogance? Stranger! I clothed, with
the grace of our human,

Inhumanity — gods, natures I likened to ours.

Man among men I had borne me till gods forsooth
must regard me

— Nay, must approve, applaud, claim as a com-
rade at last.

Summoned to enter their circle, I sat — their equal,
how other?

Love should be absolute love, faith is in fullness
or nought.

“I am thy friend, be mine!” smiled Zeus: “If Hera
attract thee,”

Blushed the imperial cheek, “then — as thy heart
may suggest!”

Faith in me sprang to the faith, my love hailed love
as its fellow,

“Zeus, we are friends — how fast ! Heré, my heart for thy heart ! ”

Then broke smile into fury of frown, and the thunder of “Hence, fool ! ”

Then thro’ the kiss laughed scorn “Limbs or a cloud was to clasp ? ”

Then from Olumpos to Erebos, then from the rapture to torment,

Then from the fellow of gods — misery’s mate, to the man !

— Man henceforth and forever, who lent from the glow of his nature

Warmth to the cold, with light coloured the black and the blank.

So did a man conceive of your passion, you passion-protesters !

So did he trust, so love — being the truth of your lie !

You to aspire to be Man ! Man made you who vainly would ape him :

You are the hollowness, he — filling you, falsifies void.

Even as — witness the emblem, Hell’s sad triumph suspended,

Born of my tears, sweat, blood — bursting to vapour above —

Arching my torment, an iris ghostlike startles the darkness,

Cold white — jewelry quenched — justifies, glorifies pain.

Strive, my kind, though strife endure thro' endless obstruction,

Stage after stage, each rise marred by as certain a fall !

Baffled forever — yet never so baffled but, e'en in the baffling,

When Man's strength proves weak, checked in the body or soul —

Whatsoever the medium, flesh or essence, — Ixion 's Made for a purpose of hate, — clothing the entity Thou,

— Medium whence that entity strives for the Not- Thou beyond it,

Fire elemental, free, frame unencumbered, the All, —

Never so baffled but — when, on the verge of an alien existence,

Heartened to press, by pangs burst to the infinite Pure,

Nothing is reached but the ancient weakness still that arrests strength,

Circumambient still, still the poor human array,

Pride and revenge and hate and cruelty — all it has burst through,

Thought to escape, — fresh formed, found in the fashion it fled, —

Never so baffled but — when Man pays the price of endeavor,
 Thunderstruck, downthrust, Tartaros-doomed to the wheel, —
 Then, ay, then, from the tears and sweat and blood of his torment,
 E'en from the triumph of Hell, up let him look and rejoice !
 What is the influence, high o'er Hell, that turns to a rapture
 Pain — and despair's murk mists blends in a rainbow of hope ?
 What is beyond the obstruction, stage by stage tho' it baffle ?
 Back must I fall, confess "Ever the weakness I fled " ?
 No, for beyond, far, far is a Purity all-unobstructed !
 Zeus was Zeus — not Man : wrecked by his weakness, I whirl.
 Out of the wreck I rise — past Zeus to the Potency o'er him !
 I — to have hailed him my friend ! I — to have clasped her — my love !
 Pallid birth of my pain — where light, where light is, aspiring
 Thither I rise, whilst thou — Zeus, keep the godship and sink !

JOCHANAN HAKKADOSH.

JOCHANAN HAKKADOSH.

“THIS now, this other story makes amends
And justifies our Mishna,” quoth the Jew
Aforesaid. “Tell it, learnedest of friends !”

A certain morn broke beautiful and blue
O'er Schiphaz city, bringing joy and mirth,
— So had ye deemed ; while the reverse was true,

Since one small house there gave a sorrow birth
In such black sort that, to each faithful eye,
Midnight, not morning settled on the earth.

How else, when it grew certain thou wouldest die
Our much-enlightened master, Israel's prop,
Eximious Jochanan Ben Sabbathai ?

Old, yea but, undiminished of a drop,
 The vital essence pulsed through heart and brain ;
 Time left unsickled yet the plenteous crop

On poll and chin and cheek, whereof a skein
 Handmaids might weave — hairs silk-soft, silver-
 white,
 Such as the wool-plant's ; none the less in vain

Had Physic striven her best against the spite
 Of fell disease : the Rabbi must succumb ;
 And, round the couch whereon in piteous plight

He lay a-dying, scholars, — awe-struck, dumb
 Throughout the night-watch, — roused themselves
 and spoke
 One to the other : “ Ere death's touch benumb

“ His active sense, — while yet 'neath Reason's
 yoke
 Obedient toils his tongue, — befits we claim
 The fruit of long experience, bid this oak

“ Shed us an acorn which may, all the same,
 Grow to a temple-pillar, — dear that day ! —
 When Israel's scattered seed finds place and
 name

“ Among the envious nations. Lamp us, pray,
 Thou the Enlightener! Partest hence in peace?
 Hailest without regret — much less, dismay —

“ The hour of thine approximate release
 From fleshly bondage soul hath found obstruct?
 Calmly envisagest the sure increase

“ Of knowledge? Eden’s tree must hold unplucked
 Some apple, sure, has never tried thy tooth,
 Juicy with sapience thou hast sought, not sucked?

“ Say, does age acquiesce in vanished youth?
 Still towers thy purity above — as erst —
 Our pleasant follies? Be thy last word — truth!”

The Rabbi groaned; then, grimly, “ Last as first
 The truth speak I — in boyhood who began
 Striving to live an angel, and, amerced

“ For such presumption, die now hardly man.
 What have I proved of life? To live, indeed,
 That much I learned: but here lies Jochanan

“ More luckless than stood David when, to speed
 His fighting with the Philistine, they brought
 Saul’s harness forth: whereat, ‘ Alack, I need

“ Armour to arm me, but have never fought
With sword and spear, nor tried to manage shield,
Proving arms’ use, as well-trained warrior ought.

“Only a sling and pebbles can I wield !”
So he : while I, contrariwise, ‘No trick
Of weapon helpful on the battle-field

“ Comes unfamiliar to my theoric :
But, bid me put in practice what I know,
Give me a sword — it stings like Moses’ stick,

"A serpent I let drop apace.' E'en so,
I, — able to comport me at each stage
Of human life as never here below

“ Man played his part, — since mine the heritage
Of wisdom carried to that perfect pitch,
Ye rightly praise, — I, therefore, who, thus sage,

“ Could sure act man triumphantly, enrich
Life’s annals with example how I played
Lover, Bard, Soldier, Statist, — (all of which

“ So light of, only recognized when flown.
 Had we been wise ! ') — in fine, I — wise enough, —
 What profits brings me wisdom never shown

“ Just when its showing would from each rebuff
 Shelter weak virtue, threaten back to bounds
 Encroaching vice, tread smooth each track too rough

“ For youth’s unsteady footstep, climb the rounds
 Of life’s long ladder, one by slippery one,
 Yet make no stumble ? Me hard fate confounds

“ With that same crowd of wailers I outrun
 By promising to teach another cry
 Of more hilarious mood than theirs, the sun

“ I look my last at is insulted by.
 What cry, — ye ask ? Give ear on every side !
 Witness yon Lover ! ‘ How entrapped am I !

“ Methought, because a virgin’s rose-lip vied
 With ripe Khubbezleh’s, needs must beauty mate
 With meekness and discretion in a bride :

“ Bride she became to me who wail — too late —
Unwise I loved ! That’s one cry. ‘ Mind’s my
 gift :
 I might have loaded me with lore, full weight

“ Pressed down and running over at each rift
 O’ the brain-bag where the famished clung and
 fed.

I filled it with what rubbish ! — would not sift

“ The wheat from chaff, sound grain from musty —
 shed

Poison abroad as oft as nutriment —
 And sighing say but as my fellows said,

“ *Unwise I learned !* ” That ’s two. ‘ In dwarf’s-
 play spent

Was giant’s prowess : warrior all unversed
 In war’s right waging, I struck brand, was lent

“ For steel’s fit service, on mere stone — and cursed
 Alike the shocked limb and the shivered steel,
 Seeing too late the blade’s true use which erst

“ How was I blind to ! My cry swells the peal —
Unwise I fought ! ” That ’s three. But wherefore
 waste

Breath on the wailings longer ? Why reveal

“ A root of bitterness whereof the taste
 Is noisome to Humanity at large ?
 First we get Power, but Power absurdly placed

“ In Folly’s keeping, who resigns her charge
 To Wisdom when all Power grows nothing worth :
 Bones marrowless are mocked with helm and targe

“ When, like your Master’s, soon below the earth
 With worms shall warfare only be. Farewell,
 Children ! I die a failure since my birth ! ”

“ Not so ! ” arose a protest as, pell-mell,
 They pattered from his chamber to the street,
 Bent on a last resource. Our Targums tell

That such resource there is. Put case, there meet
 The Nine Points of Perfection — rarest chance —
 Within some saintly teacher whom the fleet

Years, in their blind implacable advance,
 O’ertake before fit teaching born of these
 Have magnified his scholars’ countenance, —

If haply folk compassionating please
 To render up — according to his store,
 Each one — a portion of the life he sees

Hardly worth saving when ’t is set before
 Earth’s benefit should the Saint, Hakkadosh,
 Favoured thereby, attain to full fourscore —

If such contribute (Scoffer, spare thy “ Bosh ! ”)
 A year, a month, a day, an hour — to eke
 Life out, — in him away the gift shall wash

That much of ill-spent time recorded, streak
 The twilight of the so-assisted sage
 With a new sunrise: truth, though strange to
 speak !

Quick to the door-way, then, where youth and age,
 All Israel, thronging, waited for the last
 News of the loved one. “ ’T is the final stage:

“ Art’s utmost done, the Rabbi’s feet tread fast
 The way of all flesh ! ” So announced that apt
 Olive-branch Tsaddik : “ Yet, O Brethren, cast

“ No eye to earthward ! Look where heaven has
 clapped
 Morning’s extinguisher — yon ray-shot robe
 Of sun-threads — on the constellation mapped

“ And mentioned by our Elders, — yea, from Job
 Down to Satam, — as figuring forth — what ?
 Perpend a mystery ! Ye call it *Dob*,

“ ‘ The Bear ’ : I trow, a wiser name than that

Were *Aish* — ‘The Bier’ : a corpse those four stars
hold,

Which — are not those Three Daughters weeping at,

“ *Banoth* ? I judge so : list while I unfold
The reason. As in twice twelve hours this Bier
Goes and returns, about the east-cone rolled,

“ So may a setting luminary here
Be rescued from extinction, rolled anew
Upon its track of labour, strong and clear,

“ About the Pole — that Salem, every Jew
Helps to build up when thus he saves some Saint
Ordained its architect. Ye grasp the clue

“ To all ye seek ? The Rabbi’s lamp-flame fain
Sinks : would ye raise it ? Lend then life from yours,
Spare each his oil-drop ! Do I need acquaint

“ The Chosen how self-sacrifice insures
Ten-fold requital ? — urge ye emulate
The fame of those Old Just Ones death procures

“ Such praise for, that ‘t is now men’s sole debate
Which of the Ten, who volunteered at Rome
To die for glory to our Race, was great

“ Beyond his fellows ? Was it thou — the comb
 Of iron carded, flesh from bone, away,
 While thy lips sputtered thro’ their bloody foam

“ Without a stoppage (O brave Akiba !)
 ‘ Hear, Israel, our Lord God is One ? ’ Or thou,
 Jischab ? — who smiledst, burning, since there lay,

“ Burning along with thee, our Law ! I trow,
 Such martyrdom might tax flesh to afford :
 While that for which I make petition now,

“ To what amounts it ? Youngster, wilt thou hoard
 Each minute of long years thou look’st to spend
 In dalliance with thy spouse ? Hast thou so soared,

“ Singer of songs, all out of sight of friend
 And teacher, warbling like a woodland bird,
 There’s left no Selah, ’twixt two psalms, to lend

“ Our late-so-tuneful quirist ? Thou, averred
 The fighter born to plant our lion-flag
 Once more on Zion’s mount, — doth, all-unheard,

“ My pleading fail to move thee ? Toss some rag
 Shall staunch our wound, some minute never missed
 From swordsman’s lustihood like thine ! Wilt lag

“ In liberal bestowment, show close fist
 When open palm we look for, — thou, wide-known
 For state-craft ? whom, ’t is said, an if thou list,

“ The Shah himself would seat beside his throne,
 So valued were advice from thee ” . . . But here
 He stopped short : such a hubbub ! Not alone
 From those addressed, but far as well as near
 The crowd broke into clamour : “ Mine, mine, mine —
 Lop from my life the excrescence, never fear !

“ At me thou lookedst, markedst me ! Assign
 To me that privilege of granting life —
 Mine, mine ! ” Then he : “ Be patient ! I combine

“ The needful portions only, wage no strife
 With Nature’s law, nor seek to lengthen out
 The Rabbi’s day unduly. ’T is the knife

“ I stop, — would cut its thread too short. About
 As much as helps life last the proper term,
 The appointed Fourscore, — that I crave, and scout

“ A too-prolonged existence. Let the worm
 Change at fit season to the butterfly !
 And here a story strikes me, to confirm

“This judgment. Of our worthies, none ranks high
 As Perida who kept the famous school :
 None rivaled him in patience : none ! For why ?

“ In lecturing it was his constant rule,
 Whatever he expounded, to repeat
 — Ay, and keep on repeating, lest some fool

“ Should fail to understand him fully — (feat
 Unparalleled, Uzzean !) — do ye mark ? —
 Five hundred times ! So might he entrance beat

“ For knowledge into howsoever dark
 And dense the brain-pan. Yet it happed, at close
 Of one especial lecture, not one spark

“ Of light was found to have illumed the rows
 Of pupils round their pedagogue. ‘ What, still
 Impenetrable to me ? Then — here goes ! ’

“ And for a second time he sets the rill
 Of knowledge running, and five hundred times
 More re-repeats the matter — and gains *nil*.

“ Out broke a voice from heaven : ‘ Thy patience
 climbs
 Even thus high. Choose ! Wilt thou, rather, quick
 Ascend to bliss — or, since thy zeal sublimes

“ Such drudgery, will thy back still bear its crick,
 Bent o'er thy class, — thy voice drone spite of
 drouth, —
 Five hundred years more at thy desk wilt stick ?

“ ‘ To heaven with me ! ’ was in the good man’s
 mouth,
 When all his scholars, — cruel-kind were they ! —
 Stopped utterance, from East, West, North, and
 South,

“ Rending the welkin with their shout of ‘ Nay —
 No heaven as yet for our instructor ! Grant
 Five hundred years on earth for Perida ! ’

“ And so long did he keep instructing ! Want
 Our Master no such misery ! I but take
 Three months of life marital. Ministrant

“ Be thou of so much, Poet ! Bold I make,
 Swordsman, with thy frank offer ! — and conclude,
 Statist, with thine ! One year, — ye will not
 shake

“ My purpose to accept no more. So rude ?
 The very boys and girls, forsooth, must press
 And proffer their addition ? Thanks ! The mood

“ Is laudable, but I reject, no less,
 One month, week, day of life more. Leave my gown,
 Ye overbold ones ! Your life’s gift, you guess,

“ Were good as any ? Rudesby, get thee down !
 Set my feet free, or fear my staff ! Farewell,
 Seniors and saviours, sharers of renown

“ With Jochanan henceforward ! ” Straightway fell
 Sleep on the sufferer ; who awoke in health,
 Hale everyway, so potent was the spell.

O the rare Spring-time ! Who is he by stealth
 Approaches Jochanan ? — embowered that sits
 Under his vine and fig-tree mid the wealth

Of garden-sights and sounds, since intermits
 Never the turtle’s coo, nor stays nor stints
 The rose her smell. In homage that befits

The musing Master, Tsaddik, see, imprints
 A kiss on the extended foot, low bends
 Forehead to earth, then, all-obsequious, hints

“ What if it should be time ? A period ends —
 That of the Lover’s gift — his quarter-year
 Of lustihood : ’t is just thou make amends,

“Return that loan with usury: so, here
 Come I, of thy Disciples delegate,
 Claiming our lesson from thee. Make appear

“Thy profit from experience! Plainly state
 How men should Love!” Thus he: and to him
 thus
 The Rabbi: “Love, ye call it?—rather, Hate!

“What wouldst thou? Is it needful I discuss
 Wherfore new sweet wine, poured in bottles
 caked
 With old strong wine’s deposit, offers us

“Spoilt liquor we recoil from, thirst-unslaked?
 Like earth-smoke from a crevice, influence wound—
 Languors and yearnings: not a sense but ached

“Weighed on by fancied form and feature, sound
 Of silver word and sight of sunny smile:
 No beckoning of a flower-branch, no profound

“Purple of noon-oppression, no light wile
 O’ the West wind, but transformed itself till—
 brief—
 Before me stood the phantasy ye style

“ Youth’s love, the joy that shall not come to grief,
 Born to endure, eternal, unimpaired
 By custom the accloyer, time the thief.

“ Had Age’s hard cold knowledge only spared
 That ignorance of Youth ! But now the dream,
 Fresh as from Paradise, alighting fared

“ As fares the pigeon, finding what may seem.
 Her nest’s safe hollow holds a snake inside
 Coiled to enclasp her. See, Eve stands supreme

“ In youth and beauty ! Take her for thy bride !
 What Youth deemed crystal, Age finds out was
 dew
 Morn set a-sparkle, but which noon has dried

“ While Youth bent gazing at its red and blue
 Supposed perennial, — never dreamed the sun
 Which kindled the display would quench it too.

“ Graces of shape and colour — everyone
 With its appointed period of decay
 When ripe to purpose ! ‘ Still, these dead and done,

“ Survives the woman-nature — the soft sway
 Of undefinable omnipotence
 O’er our strong male-stuff, we of Adam’s clay.’

“Ay, if my physics taught not why and whence
The attraction ! Am I like the simple steer
Who, from his pasture lured inside the fence

“Where yoke and goad await him, holds that mere
Kindliness prompts extension of the hand
Hollowed for barley, which drew near and near

“His nose — in proof that, of the horned band,
The farmer best affected him ? Beside,
Steer, long since calfhood, got to understand

“Farmers a many in the world so wide
Were ready with a handful just as choice
Or choicer — maize and cummin, treats untried.

“Shall I wed wife, and all my days rejoice
I gained the peacock ? 'Las me, round I look,
And lo, — ‘With me thou wouldest have blamed no
voice

“Like hers that daily deafens like a rook :
I am the phœnix ! — ‘I, the lark, the dove,
— The owl,’ for aught knows he who blindly took

“Peacock for partner, while the vale, the grove,
The plain held bird-mates in abundance. There !
Youth, try fresh capture ! Age has found out Love

“Long ago. War seems better worth man’s care.
But leave me! Disappointment finds a balm
Haply in slumber.” “This first step o’ the stair

“To knowledge fails me, but the victor’s palm
Lies on the next to tempt him overleap
A stumbling-block experience. Gather calm,

“Thou excellence of Judah, cured by sleep
Which ushers in the Warrior, to replace
The Lover! At due season I shall reap

“Fruit of my planting!” So, with lengthened face,
Departed Tsaddik: and three moons more waxed
And waned, and not until the summer-space

Waned likewise, any second visit taxed
The Rabbi’s patience. But at three months’ end,
Behold, supine beneath a rock, relaxed

The sage lay musing till the noon should spend
Its ardour. Up comes Tsaddik, who but he,
With “Master, may I warn thee, nor offend,

“That time comes round again? We look to see
Sprout from the old branch — not the youngling
twig —

But fruit of sycamine: deliver me,

“To share among my fellows, some plump fig,
 Juicy as seedy ! That same man of war,
 Who, with a scantling of his store, made big

“Thy starveling nature, caused thee, safe from scar,
 To share his gains by long acquaintanceship
 With bump and bruise and all the knocks that are

“Of battle dowry : therefore, loose thy lip,
 Explain the good of battle ! Since thou know’st,
 Let us know likewise ! Fast the moments slip,

“More need that we improve them !” — “Ay, we
 boast,
 We warriors in our youth, that with the sword
 Man goes the swiftest to the uttermost —

“Takes the straight way thro’ lands yet unexplored
 To absolute Right and Good, — may so obtain
 God’s glory and man’s weal too long ignored,

“Too late attained by preachments all in vain, —
 The passive process. Knots get tangled worse
 By toying with : does cut cord close again ?

“Moreover there is blessing in the curse
 Peace-praisers call war. What so sure evolves
 All the capacities of soul, proves nurse

“Of that self-sacrifice in men which solves
 The riddle — *Wherein differs Man from beast?*
 Foxes boast cleverness and courage wolves :

“Nowhere but in mankind is found the least
 Touch of an impulse ‘To our fellows — good
 I’ the highest! — not diminished but increased

“By the condition plainly understood
 — Such good shall be attained at price of hurt
 I’ the highest to ourselves!’ Fine sparks, that brood

“Confusedly in Man, ’t is war bids spurt
 Forth into flame : as fares the meteor-mass,
 Whereof no particle but holds inert

“Some seed of light and heat, however crass
 The enclosure, yet avails not to discharge
 Its radiant birth before there come to pass

“Some push external, — strong to set at large
 Those dormant fire-seeds, whirl them in a trice
 Through heaven and light up earth from marge to
 marge :

“Since force by motion makes — what erst was ice —
 Crash into fervency and so expire,
 Because some Djinn has hit on a device

“ For proving the full prettiness of fire !
 Ay, thus we prattle — young : but old — why, first,
 Where 's that same Right and Good — (the wise in-
 quire) —

“ So absolute, it warrants the outburst
 Of blood, tears, all war's woeful consequence,
 That comes of the fine flaring ? Which plague cursed

“ The more your benefitted Man — offence,
 Or what suppressed the offender ? Say it did —
 Show us the evil cured by violence,

“ Submission cures not also ! Lift the lid
 From the maturing crucible, we find
 Its slow sure coaxing-out of virtue, hid

“ In that same meteor-mass, hath uncombined
 Those particles and, yielding for result
 Gold, not mere flame, by so much leaves behind

“ The heroic product. E'en the simple cult
 Of Edom's children wisely bids them turn
 Cheek to the smiter with '*Sic Jesus vult.*'

“ Say there 's a tyrant by whose death we earn
 Freedom, and justify a war to wage :
 Good ! — were we only able to discern

“ Exactly how to reach and catch and cage
 Him only and no innocent beside !
 Whereas the folk whereon war wreaks its rage

“ — How shared they his ill-doing ? Far and wide
 The victims of our warfare strew the plain,
 Ten thousand dead, whereof not one but died

“ In faith that vassals owed their suzerain
 Life : therefore each paid tribute, — honest soul, —
 To that same Right and Good ourselves are fain

“ To claim exclusively our end. From bole
 (Since ye accept in me a sycamine)
 Pluck, eat, digest a fable — yea, the sole

“ Fig I afford you ! ‘ Dost thou dwarf my vine ? ’
 (So did a certain husbandman address
 The tree which faced his field) ‘ Receive condign

“ Punishment, prompt removal by the stress
 Of axe I forthwith lay unto thy root ! ’
 Long did he hack and hew, the root no less

“ As long defied him, for its tough strings shoot
 As deep down as the boughs above aspire :
 All that he did was — shake to the tree’s foot

“Leafage and fruitage, things we most require
 For shadow and refreshment: which good deed
 Thoroughly done, behold the axe-haft tires

“His hand, and he desisting leaves unfreed
 The vine he hacked and hewed for. Comes a frost,
 One natural night’s-work, and there’s little need.

“Of hacking, hewing: lo, the tree’s a ghost!
 Perished it starves, black death from topmost bough
 To farthest-reaching fibre! Shall I boast

“My rough work,—warfare,—helped more? Lov-
 ing, now—
 That, by comparison, seems wiser, since
 The loving fool was able to avow

“He could effect his purpose, just evince
 Love’s willingness,—once ware of what she lacked,
 His loved one,—to go work for that, nor wince

“At self-expenditure: he neither hacked
 Nor hewed, but when the lady of his field
 Required defence because the sun attacked,

“He, failing to obtain a fitter shield,
 Would interpose his body, and so blaze,
 Blest in the burning. Ah, were mine to wield

“The intellectual weapon — poet-lays, —
 How preferably had I sung one song
 Which . . . but my sadness sinks me: go your ways !

“I sleep out disappointment.” “Come along,
 Never lose heart ! There’s still as much again
 Of our bestowment left to right the wrong

“Done by its earlier moiety — explain
 Wherefore, who may ! The Poet’s mood comes next.
 Was he not wishful the poetic vein

“Should pulse within him ? Jochanan, thou reck’st
 Little of what a generous flood shall soon
 Float thy clogged spirit free and unperplexed

“Above dry dubitation ! Song’s the boon
 Shall make amends for my untoward mistake
 That Joshua-like thou couldst bid sun and moon —

“Fighter and Lover, — which for most men make
 All they descry in heaven, — stand both stock-still
 And lend assistance. Poet shalt thou wake ! ”

Autumn brings Tsaddik. “Ay, there speeds the rill
 Loaded with leaves : a scowling sky, beside :
 The wind makes olive-trees up yonder hill

“Whiten and shudder — symptoms far and wide
Of gleaning-time’s approach ; and glean good
store

May I presume to trust we shall, thou tried

“And ripe experimenter ! Three months more
Have ministered to growth of Song : that graft
Into thy sterile stock has found at core

“Moisture, I warrant, hitherto unquaffed
By boughs, however florid, wanting sap
Of prose-experience which provides the draught

“Mere song-sprouts, wanting, wither : vain we tap
A youngling stem all green and immature
Experience must secrete the stuff, our hap

“Will be to quench Man’s thirst with, glad and
sure
That fancy wells up through corrective fact :
Wanting which test of truth, though flowers allure

“The goodman’s eye with promise, soon the pact
Is broken, and ’t is flowers, — mere words, — he
finds
When things, — that ’s fruit, — he looked for. Well,
once cracked

“ The nut, how glad my tooth the kernel grinds !
 Song may henceforth boast substance ! Therefore,
 hail
 Proser and poet, perfect in both kinds !

“ Thou from whose eye hath dropped the envious
 scale
 Which hides the truth of things and substitutes
 Deceptive show, unaided optics fail

“ To transpierce, — hast entrusted to the lute’s
 Soft but sure guardianship some unrevealed
 Secret shall lift mankind above the brutes

“ As only knowledge can ? ” “ A fount unsealed ”
 (Sighed Jochanan) “ should seek the heaven in leaps
 To die in dew-gems — not find death, congealed

“ By contact with the cavern’s nether deeps,
 Earth’s secretest foundation where, enswathed
 In dark and fear, primæval mystery sleeps —

“ Petrific fount wherein my fancies bathed
 And straight turned ice. My dreams of good and
 fair
 In soaring upwards had dissolved, unscathed

“By any influence of the kindly air,
 Singing, as each took flight, The Future — that 's
 Our destination, mists turn rainbows there,

•

“Which sink to fog, confounded in the flats
 O' the Present! Day 's the song-time for the
 lark,
 Night for her music boasts but owls and bats.

“And what 's the Past but night — the deep and
 dark
 Ice-spring I speak of, corpse-thick'd with its drowned
 Dead fancies which no sooner touched the mark

“They aimed at — fact — than all at once they
 found
 Their film-wings freeze, henceforth unfit to reach
 And roll in æther, revel — robed and crowned

“As truths confirmed by falsehood all and each —
 Sovereign and absolute and ultimate !
 Up with them, skyward, Youth, ere Age impeach

“Thy least of promises to re-instate
 Adam in Eden ! Sing on, ever sing,
 Chirp till thou burst ! — the fool cicada's fate,

“ Who holds that after Summer next comes Spring,
 Than Summer’s self sun-warmed, spice-scented more.
 Fighting was better ! There, no fancy-fling

“ Pitches you past the point was reached of yore
 By Samsons, Abners, Joabs, Judases,
 The mighty men of valor who, before

“ Our little day, did wonders none profess
 To doubt were fable and not fact, so trust
 By fancy-flights to emulate much less.

“ Were I a Statesman, now ! Why, that were just
 To pinnacle my soul, mankind above,
 A-top the universe : no vulgar lust

“ To gratify — fame, greed, at this remove
 Looked down upon so far — or over-looked
 So largely, rather — that mine eye should rove

“ World-wide and rummage earth, the many-nooked,
 Yet find no unit of the human flock
 Caught straying but straight comes back hooked and
 crooked

“ By the strong shepherd who, from out his stock
 Of aids proceeds to treat each ailing fleece,
 Here stimulate to growth, curtail and dock

“There, baldness or excrescence, — that, with grease,
 This, with up-grubbing of the bristly patch
 Born of the tick-bite. How supreme a peace

“ Steals o'er the Statist, — while, in wit, a match
 For shrewd Ahithophel, in wisdom . . . well,
 His name escapes me — somebody, at watch

“ And ward, the fellow of Ahithophel
 In guidance of the Chosen ! ” — at which word
 Eyes closed and fast asleep the Rabbi fell.

“ Cold weather ! ” shivered Tsaddik. “ Yet the
 hoard
 Of the sagacious ant shows garnered grain,
 Ever abundant most when fields afford

“ Least pasture, and alike disgrace the plain
 Tall tree and lowly shrub. ’T is so with us
 Mortals : our age stores wealth ye seek in vain

“ While busy youth culls just what we discuss
 At leisure in the last days : and the last
 Truly are these for Jochanan, whom thus

“ I make one more appeal to ! Thine amassed
 Experience, now or never, let escape
 Some portion of ! For I perceive aghast

“The end approaches, while they jeer and jape,
 These sons of Shimei : ‘Justify your boast !
 What have ye gained from Death by twelve months’
 rape ?’

“Statesman, what cure hast thou for — least and
 most —

Popular grievances ? What nostrum, say,
 Will make the Rich and Poor, expertly dosed,

“Forget disparity, bid each go gay
 That, with his bauble, — with his burden, this ?
 Propose an alkahest shall melt away

“Men’s lacquer, show by prompt analysis
 Which is the metal, which the make-believe,
 So that no longer brass shall find, gold miss

“Coinage and currency ? Make haste, retrieve
 The precious moments, Master !” Whereunto
 There snarls an “Ever laughing in thy sleeve,

“Pert Tsaddik ? Youth indeed sees plain a
 clue
 To guide man where life’s wood is intricate :
 How shall he fail to thrid its thickest through

“When every oak-trunk takes the eye ? Elate
 He goes from bole to brushwood, plunging finds —
 Smothered in briars — that the small 's the great !

“All men are men : I would all minds were minds !
 Whereas 't is just the many's mindless mass
 That most needs helping : labourers and hinds

“We legislate for — not the cultured class
 Which law-makes for itself nor needs the whip
 And bridle, — proper help for mule and ass,

“Did the brutes know ! In vain our statesmanship
 Strives at contenting the rough multitude :
 Still the ox cries 'T is me thou shouldst equip

“With equine trappings !' or, in humbler mood,
 'Cribful of corn for me ! and, as for work —
 Adequate rumination o'er my food !'

“Better remain a Poet ! Needs it irk
 Such an one if light, kindled in his sphere,
 Fail to transfuse the Mizraim cold and murk

“Round about Goshen ? Though light disappear,
 Shut inside, — temporary ignorance
 Got outside of, lo, light emerging clear

“Shows each astonished starer the expanse
 Of heaven made bright with knowledge ! That 's
 the way,
 The only way — I see it at a glance —

“To legislate for earth ! As poet. . . . Stay !
 What is . . . I would that . . . were it . . . I had
 been . . .
 O sudden change, as if my arid clay

“Burst into bloom ! . . .” “A change indeed, I
 ween,
 And change the last !” sighed Tsaddik as he
 kissed
 The closing eyelids. “Just as those serene

“Princes of Night apprised me ! Our acquist
 Of life is spent, since corners only four
 Hath Aisch, and each in turn was made desist

“In passage round the Pole (O Mishna's lore —
 Little it profits here !) by strenuous tug
 Of friends who eked out thus to full fourscore

“The Rabbi's years. I see each shoulder shrug !
 What have we gained ? Away the Bier may roll !
 To-morrow, when the Master's grave is dug,

“In with his body I may pitch the scroll
 I hoped to glorify with, text and gloss,
 My Science of Man’s Life: one blank’s the whole!

“Love, war, song, statesmanship — no gain, all loss,
 The stars’ bestowment! We on our return
 To-morrow merely find — not gold but dross,

“The body not the soul. Come, friends, we learn
 At least thus much by our experiment —
 That — that . . . well, find what, whom it may con-
 cern!”

But next day through the city rumours went
 Of a new persecution; so, they fled
 All Israel, each man, — this time, — from his tent,

Tsaddik among the foremost. When, the dread
 Subsiding, Israel ventured back again
 Some three months after, to the cave they sped

Where lay the Sage, — a reverential train!
 Tsaddik first enters. “What is this I view?
 The Rabbi still alive? No stars remain

“Of Aisch to stop within their courses. True,
 I mind me, certain gamesome boys must urge
 Their offerings on me: can it be — one threw

6

“ Life at him and it stuck ? There needs the scourge
 To teach that urchin manners ! Prithee, grant
 Forgiveness if we pretermit thy dirge

“ Just to explain no friend was ministrant,
 This time, of life to thee ! Some jackanapes,
 I gather, has presumed to foist his scant

“ Scurvy unripe existence — wilding grapes
 Grass-green and sorrel-sour — on that grand wine,
 Mighty as mellow, which my fancy shapes

“ May fitly image forth this life of thine
 Fed on the last low fattening lees — condensed
 Elixir, no milk-mildness of the vine !

“ Rightly with Tsaddik wert thou now incensed
 Had he been witting of the mischief wrought
 When, for elixir, verjuice he dispensed ! ”

And slowly woke, — like Shushan’s flower besought
 By over-curious handling to unloose
 The curtained secrecy wherein she thought

Her captive bee, mid store of sweets to choose,
 Would loll in gold, pavilioned lie unteased,
 Sucking on, sated never, — whose, O whose

Might seem that countenance, uplift, all eased
 Of old distraction and bewilderment,
 Absurdly happy? “How ye have appeased

“The strife within me, bred this whole content,
 This utter acquiescence in my past
 Present and future life, — by whom was lent

“The power to work this miracle at last, —
 Exceeds my guess. Though — *ignorance confirmed*
By knowledge sounds like paradox, I cast

“Vainly about to tell you — fitlier termed —
 This calm struck by encountering opposites,
 Each nullifying either! Henceforth wormed

“From out my heart is every snake that bites
 The dove that else would brood there: doubt, which
 kills
 With hiss of ‘What if sorrows end delights?’

“Fear which stings ease with ‘Work the Master
 wills!’
 Experience which coils round and strangles quick
 Each hope with ‘Ask the Past if hoping skills

“To work accomplishment, or proves a trick
 Wiling thee to endeavour ! Strive, fool, stop
 Nowise, so live, so die — that 's law ! why kick

“Against the pricks ?’ All out-wormed ! Slumber,
 drop

Thy films once more and veil the bliss within !
 Experience strangle hope ? Hope waves a-top

“Her wings triumphant ! Come what will, I win,
 Whoever loses ! Every dream 's assured
 Of soberest fulfilment. There 's no sin

“Except in doubting that the light, which lured
 The unwary into darkness, did no wrong
 Had I but marched on bold, nor paused immured

“By mists I should have pressed thro', passed along
 My way henceforth rejoicing ! Not the boy's
 Passionate impulse he conceits so strong,

“Which, at first touch, truth, bubble-like, destroys, —
 Not the man's slow conviction 'Vanity
 Of vanities — alike my griefs and joys !'

“Ice ! — thawed (look up) each bird, each insect by —
 (Look round) by all the plants that break in bloom,
 (Look down) by every dead friend's memory

“That smiles ‘Am I the dust within my tomb?’
Not either, but both these — amalgam rare —
Mix in a product, not from Nature’s womb,

“But stuff which He the Operant — who shall
dare
Describe His operation? — strikes alive
And thaumaturgic. I nor know nor care

“How from this tohu-bohu — hopes which dive,
And fears which soar — faith, ruined through and
through
By doubt, and doubt, faith treads to dust — revive

“In some surprising sort, — as see, they do! —
Not merely foes no longer but fast friends —
What does it mean unless — O strange and new

“Discovery! — this life proves a wine-press —
blends
Evil and good, both fruits of Paradise,
Into a novel drink which — who intends

“To quaff, must bear a brain for ecstasies
Attempered, not this all-inadequate
Organ which, quivering within me, dies

“— Nay, lives ! — what, how, — too soon, or else too late —

I was — I am . . .” (“He babbleth !” Tsaddik mused)

“O Thou Almighty who canst re-instate

“ Truths in their primal clarity, confused
By man’s perception, which is man’s and made
To suit his service, — how, once disabused

“ Of reason which sees light half shine half shade,

Because of flesh, the medium that adjusts
Purity to his visuals, both an aid

“ And hindrance, — how to eyes earth’s air en-
crusts,

When purged and perfect to receive truth’s beam
Pouring itself on the new sense it trusts

“ With all its plenitude of power, — how seem
Then, the intricacies of shade and shine,
Oppugnant natures — Right and Wrong, we deem

“ Irreconcilable ? O eyes of mine,
Freed now of imperfection, ye avail
To see the whole sight, nor may uncombine

“Henceforth what, erst divided, caused you quail—
So huge the chasm between the false and true,
The dream and the reality! All hail,

“Day of my soul’s deliverance — day the new,
The never-ending! What though every shape
Whereon I wreaked my yearning to pursue

“Even to success each semblance of escape
From my own bounded self to some all-fair
All-wise external fancy, proved a rape

“Like that old giant’s, feigned of fools — on air,
Not solid flesh? How otherwise? To love —
That lesson was to learn not here — but there —

“On earth, not here! ‘T is there we learn, — there
prove
Our parts upon the stuff we needs must spoil,
Striving at mastery, there bend above

“The spoiled clay potsherds, many a year of toil
Attests the potter tried his hand upon,
Till sudden he arose, wiped free from soil

“His hand, cried ‘So much for attempt — anon
Performance! Taught to mould the living vase,
What matter the cracked pitchers dead and gone?’

“Could I impart and could thy mind embrace
 The secret, Tsaddik ! ” “ Secret none to me ! ”
 Quoth Tsaddik, as the glory on the face

Of Jochanan was quenched. “ The truth I see
 Of what that excellence of Judah wrote,
 Doughty Halaphta. This a case must be

“ Wherein, though the last breath have passed the
 throat,
 So that ‘ The man is dead ’ we may pronounce,
 Yet is the Ruach — (thus do we denote

“ The imparted Spirit) — in no haste to bounce
 From its entrusted Body, — some three days
 Lingers ere it relinquish to the pounce

“ Of hawk-clawed Death his victim. Further says
 Halaphta, ‘ Instances have been, and yet
 Again may be, when saints, whose earthly ways

“ Tend to perfection, very nearly get
 To heaven while still on earth : and, as a fine
 Interval shows where waters pure have met

“ Waves brackish, in a mixture, sweet with brine,
 That’s neither sea nor river but a taste
 Of both — so meet the earthly and divine

“And each is either. Thus I hold him graced —
Dying on earth, half inside and half out,
Wholly in heaven, who knows ? My mind embraced

“Thy secret, Jochanan, how dare I doubt ?
Follow thy Ruach, let earth, all it can,
Keep of the leavings !” Thus was brought about

The sepulture of Rabbi Jochanan
Thou hast him, — sinner-saint, live-dead, boy-man, —
Schiphaz, on Bendimir, in Farzistan !

NOTE. — This story can have no better authority than that of the treatise, existing dispersedly in fragments of Rabbinical writing, **משך של רביהם בדים**, from which I might have helped myself more liberally. Thus, instead of the simple reference to “Moses’ stick,” — but what if I make amends by attempting three illustrations, when some thirty might be composed on the same subject, equally justifying that pithy proverb **במשה עד משה לא קם כמשה**.

I.

Moses the Meek was thirty cubits high,
The staff he strode with — thirty cubits long ;
And when he leapt, so muscular and strong

Was Moses that his leaping neared the sky
 By thirty cubits more: we learn thereby
 He reached full ninety cubits — am I wrong? —
 When, in a fight slurred o'er by sacred song,
 With staff out-stretched he took a leap to try
 The just dimensions of the giant Og.
 And yet he barely touched — this marvel lacked
 Posterity to crown earth's catalogue
 Of marvels — barely touched — to be exact —
 The giant's ankle-bone, remained a frog
 That fain would match an ox in stature: fact!

II.

And this same fact has met with disbelief!
 How saith a certain traveller? “Young, I chanced
 To come upon an object — if thou can'st,
 Guess me its name and nature! ’T was, in brief,
 White, hard, round, hollow, of such length, in chief,
 — And this is what especially enhanced
 My wonder — that it seemed, as I advanced,
 Never to end. Bind up within thy sheaf
 Of marvels, this — Posterity! I walked
 From end to end, — four hours walked I, who go
 A goodly pace, — and found — I have not balked
 Thine expectation, Stranger? Ay or No? —
 ’T was but Og's thigh-bone, all the while, I stalked
 Alongside of: respect to Moses, though!

III. *

Og's thigh-bone — if ye deem its measure strange,
Myself can witness to much length of shank
Even in birds. Upon a water's bank
Once halting, I was minded to exchange
Noon heat for cool. Quoth I "On many a grange
I have seen storks perch — legs both long and lank :
Yon stork's must touch the bottom of this tank,
Since on its top doth wet no plume derange
Of the smooth breast. I 'll bathe there !" "Do not
so !"
Warned me a voice from heaven. "A man let drop
His axe into that shallow rivulet —
As thou accountest — seventy years ago :
It fell and fell and still without a stop
Keeps falling, nor has reached the bottom yet."

NEVER THE TIME AND THE
PLACE.

NEVER THE TIME AND THE PLACE.

NEVER the time and the place
And the loved one all together !
This path — how soft to pace !
This May — what magic weather !
Where is the loved one's face ?
In a dream that loved one's face meets mine,
But the house is narrow, the place is bleak
Where, outside, rain and wind combine
With a furtive ear, if I strive to speak,
With a hostile eye at my flushing cheek,
With a malice that marks each word, each sign !
O enemy sly and serpentine,
Uncoil thee from the waking man !
Do I hold the Past
Thus firm and fast
Yet doubt if the Future hold I can ?

This path so soft to pace shall lead
Thro' the magic of May to herself indeed !
Or narrow if needs the house must be,
Outside are the storms and strangers : we —
Oh, close, safe, warm sleep I and she,
— I and she !

PAMBO.

PAMBO.

SUPPOSE that we part (work done, comes play)
With a grave tale told in crambo
— As our hearty sires were wont to say —
Whereof the hero is Pambo ?

Do you happen to know who Pambo was ?
Nor I — but this much have heard of him :
He entered one day a college-class,
And asked — was it so absurd of him ? —

“ May Pambo learn wisdom ere practise it ?
In wisdom I fain would ground me :
Since wisdom is centred in Holy Writ,
Some psalm to the purpose expound me ! ”

“ That psalm,” the Professor smiled, “ shall be
Untroubled by doubt which dirtieth
Pellucid streams when an ass like thee
Would drink there — the Nine-and-thirtieth.

“ Verse First : *I said I will look to my ways
That I with my tongue offend not.*

How now ? Why stare ? Art struck in amaze ?
Stop, stay ! The smooth line hath an end knot !

“ He 's gone ! — disgusted my text should prove
Too easy to need explaining ?

Had he waited, the blockhead might find I move
To matter that pays remaining ! ”

Long years went by, when — “ Ha, who 's this ?
Do I come on the restif scholar
I had driven to Wisdom's goal, I wis,
But that he slipped the collar ?

“ What ? Arms crossed, brow bent, thought-im-
mersed ?
A student indeed ? Why scruple
To own that the lesson proposed him first
Scarce suited so apt a pupil ?

“ Come back ! From the beggarly elements
To a more recondite issue
We pass till we reach, at all events,
Some point that may puzzle . . . Why 'pish'
you ? ”

From the ground looked piteous up the head :

“ Daily and nightly, Master,
Your pupil plods thro’ that text you read,
Yet gets on never the faster.

“ At the self-same stand, — now old, then young !

I will look to my ways — were doing
As easy as saying ! — *that I with my tongue*
Offend not — and ‘scape pooh-poohing

“ From sage and simple, doctor and dunce ?

Ah, nowise ! Still doubts so muddy
The stream I would drink at once, — but once !
That — thus I resume my study ! ”

Brother, brother, I share the blame,

Arcades sumus ambo !

Darkling, I keep my sunrise-aim,

Lack not the critic’s flambeau,

And *look to my ways*, yet, much the same,

Offend with my tongue — like Pambo !

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